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DORINDA:

OR, THE

GRDUE in TEARS.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

TOWARDS

The CHARACTER of that EXCELLENT,

AND

Universally Lamented LADY,

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

COUNTESS of *EUSTON.*

——————Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyſſei
Temperet à Lacrymis?—————— Virg. Æ. 2. 6.

To Death's untimely Call, the Fates have brought
The richeſt Work, that ever Nature wrought. v. l. 121.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Respect due to certain Great Families, on Account of their Excess of Grief, at the Time when this Poem was ready for the Press, prevented the Publication of it till now.

March 31, 1743.

The AUTHOR.

DORINDA:

OR, THE

GROVE in TEARS.

ARGUMENT.

The Shepherd Melibœus *reſting himſelf upon a Rock, diſcovers a wonderful Diſorder throughout* Nature; *and not being able to give any certain Reſolve, whence this Mutation of Things ſhould ariſe,* Mænalcas *appears, and tells him* DORINDA, *the Delight of the Shepherds, is* Dead: *Upon which, they tune their Lays, and ſing her* Elegy.

O'Erwhelm'd in Grief, with horrid Thoughts
That broke his Slumbers, and diſturb'd his [oppreſt,
Sad MELIBOEUS wander'd to a Rock, [Reſt,
Far from the Plain, and diſtant from his Flock;
With drooping Head (a Sign that Sorrow ſhews)
The Shepherd ſigh'd! and thus expreſt his Woes.

Myſte-

Myſterious *Nature!* deign to tell,
From whence this ſudden Change befel?
Say why, or whence the Cauſe that ſprings
This ſtrange, and alter'd State of Things?
The Meadows now a Deſart prove;
And All ----- in ſad Diſorder move!
O tell me, *Nature! Nature* tell,
From whence this wond'rous Change befel?

No *Sun* now comforts with its Light!
No *Moon* now uſhers in the Night!
The World's dark Curtain's overſpread!
And Clouds hang heavy over-head!
The frighted Shepherds leave their Flocks,
For Refuge fly to hollow Rocks!
O tell me *Nature! Nature* tell,
From whence this wond'rous Change befel?

The wing'd Muſicians of the Air,
In rueful Notes expreſs their Care!

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The

The Zephyrs turn to mournful Sighs!
And Nymphs ſtream Rivers from their Eyes!
My Flocks and Goats do wildly range,
All frighted at this wond'rous Change:
Ye Gods! that in *Olympus* dwell,
The Cauſe of theſe Diſorders tell?

The Shepherd ceas'd ----but could not find Relief;
His ſwelling Soul denoted inward Grief:
Long mute he lay ----- at length, his Head he rears,
And from his Eyes guſh'd forth a Sea of Tears:
Welt'ring in Sorrow's Sadneſs thus he lies,
Till, loſt in Thought, kind Sleep inclos'd his Eyes.

Long had not *Morpheus* ſeal'd his Beams of Light,
E'er ſad *Mænalcas* did appear in Sight;
With Cares depreſt, he ſhook his hoary Head,
And viewing *Melibœus*, thus he ſaid,

Awake! Awake!
Uncloſe thoſe Eyes;
No Slumber take,
Ariſe! Ariſe!
Shepherd, ariſe!
Lift up thy Head;
All Nature ſighs!
DORINDA's *dead.*

TheShepherd wak'd, and rais'd his drooping Head,
And heard that doleful Sound---DORINDA's *dead.*
He view'd around, and ſaw *Mænalcas* nigh,
And thus in broken Accents did reply.

The ſtrange Prognoſtics I have ſeen of late,
Foretold ſome cruel Sacrifice of Fate;
With their Portents I often fill'd my Mind;
For their Portents no certain Cauſe could find;
Sometimes I thought the *Fauns* and *Dryads* dead;
Or, from the Woods the great *Silenus* fled;

Or,

Or, that ſome Nymph, wide wandering, had fell
A fatal Prey to ſome leud *Dæmon*'s Spell;
Thus I the direful Omens did impute,
Till Sleep o'ertook me in the wild Purſuit.

As forth I walk'd the Vallies late,
Muſing on dark Decrees of Fate,
I heard, upon a riven Beech,
The Raven Croak, and Night-Owl Screech;
Ye Swains! whene'er theſe Sounds ye hear,
Think ſome diſaſt'rous Fate is near.

As I my wand'ring Eyes did turn,
Saw *Laura* leaning on an Urn;
Looſe her Attire, her Boſom bare,
And wild diſhevell'd all her Hair:
Ye Swains! whene'er theſe Sights ye ſee,
Think ſoon ſome dire Miſchance will be.

MÆNALCAS.

Happy, thrice happy had the Shepherds been,
Had they no greater Signs of Sorrow ſeen!
The *Queen* of * *May*, than noon-day Sun more bright,
Hath ſet her Beams in the Abyſs of Night.
To dreary Shades, alas, for ever gone!
On theſe green Plains,---ah, never to return!

MÆNALCAS.

APOLLO! ſtrike the trembling String,
In Verſe her *Elegy* I'll ſing.

MELIBOEUS.

PAN! ſweetly touch the Oaten Reed,
To ſing a *Dirge* it is decreed.

MÆNALCAS.

Spring of Perfection! Fountain of Relief!
TheShepherd'sComfort! now the Shepherd's Grief!
Thou Cauſe of all Diſorders here below,
Great were thy *Virtues*, as immenſe our *Woe*.

MELI-

* Died on *Sunday* the 2d of *May*, 1742.

MELIBOEUS.

Offspring of Heaven! hail, divineſt fair!
All *Nature*'s Comfort! now, all *Nature*'s Care!
Each Tree and Flow'r that grew with pleaſing Strife,
Is now decay'd, ſince thou'rt depriv'd of Life.

MÆNALCAS.

Her inward Charms all outward Objects fir'd;
The more they heard, the more they ſtill admir'd.

MELIBOEUS.

Her *Wiſdom* was the Mirrour of Mankind;
The more they gaz'd, the brighter ſtill it ſhin'd.

MÆNALCAS and MELIBOEUS.

Copy her Deeds, ye Good! and, O, ye Great!
Her ſhining VIRTUES *gladly imitate.*

MÆNALCAS.

Bleſt Eloquence on ev'ry Accent hung;
All was divine that iſſu'd from her Tongue.

MELIBOEUS

To Vows ſincere; to Honour ſtrictly join'd;
Her Actions ſpoke the Dictates of her Mind.

MÆNALCAS.

Courteous to all---The Injur'd would defend ;
Who never gain'd a Foe, nor loſt a Friend.

MELIBOEUS.

The Sweets of doing Good SHE really knew ;
How prais'd by *All !* and practis'd by how *Few !*

MÆNALCAS.

On *doing Good* her Mind was wholly bent ;
Her *doing Good* will be her *Monument.*

MELIBOEUS and MÆNALCAS.

Enjoy, ſweet Angel ! heav'nly Reſt, whilſt We
Lament all VIRTUES, *in lamenting* THEE.

MELIBOEUS.

So bright her Looks, ſo radiant was her Mien,
To be ador'd, need only t' have been ſeen.

MÆNALCAS.

Without *Art*, charming ; chearful, yet devout ;
As much *within* an Angel, as *without.*

MELI-

MELIBOEUS.

Art never drew, nor *Nature* e'er deſign'd
A fairer *Face*, to match a fairer *Mind*.

MÆNALCAS.

If any fairer than the Faireſt be,
(*Virtue adds Bloom to Beauty*) it was SHE.

MÆNALCAS and MELIBOEUS.

Copy her Deeds, ye Good! and, O, ye Great!
Her ſhining VIRTUES *gladly imitate.*

MÆNALCAS.

To *Death*'s untimely Call, the Fates have brought
The richeſt Work, that ever *Nature* wrought.

MELIBOEUS.

Her Beauty ſpread ſuch Luſtre, it ſurpaſt
The Sun's, and well deſerv'd as long to laſt.

MÆNALCAS.

Nature was wanting, that it took not Care
To make more laſting, what it made ſo fair.

MELI-

MELIBOEUS.

Delicious Flower! nipt before its Prime;
So pure a Mold, was too refin'd for Time!

MELIBOEUS and MÆNALCAS.

Enjoy, ſweet Angel! heav'nly Reſt, whilſt We,
Lament all VIRTUES, *in lamenting* THEE.

MÆNALCAS.

The Face of *Nature* doth decay,
And ev'ry *Flower* fades away!
How pale the *Piony* is grown!
The *Primroſe* from its Stalk is blown!
The *Gilli-flower* ſadly grieves!
And *Violets* ſhed their Purple Leaves!
The Face of *Nature* doth decay,
And ev'ry *Flower* fades away.

The *Jeſſimin* doth its Odours loſe!
The *Jonquil* doth all Helps refuſe!

The *Lily* all neglected lies!
The *Tulip* pines away and dies!
The fragrant *Roſe*, of Flow'rs the Chief,
Diſſolves away in ſilent Grief!
The Face of *Nature* doth decay;
And ev'ry *Flower* fades away.

MELIBOEUS.

The tender *Myrtle* droops its Head;
As conſcious fair DORINDA's *dead.*
Lo! on the Ground All wither'd lie,
Reſolving now themſelves to *die.*
Mourn her, ye Rills! ye Streams deplore,
The fair DORINDA----now no more!

See, *Flora* tears her Breaſt, and Hair!
And flies the Grove in wild Deſpair!
Surpaſſing all that Grief can ſhew;
So great her Loſs! ſo deep her Woe!

Mourn her, ye Rills! ye Streams deplore,
The fair DORINDA----now no more!

MÆNALCAS.

Ye *Cyprian Nymphs!* and Sylvan Deities!
See the laſt Rights paid to her Obſequies.

MELIBOEUS.

Quit your Retreats, and with ye Cypreſs bring,
And at her ſacred Shrine a *Requiem* ſing.

MÆNALCAS.

May *Peace* protect the awful Place!
May *Woodbind* there incircle round!
May *Daffodils* thoſe Manſions grace!
And ſweeteſt *Williams* deck the Ground!
May no unhallow'd Hand her *Urn* moleſt!
And may, among the *Saints*, this *Seraph* reſt.

MELIBOEUS.

Weep, ye Cœleſtial Maids!
Mourn, ye ſad diſmal Shades!
Ye murm'ring Streams deplore:

Sigh,

Sigh, ev'ry Breath of Air!
In ſolemn Notes declare,
DORINDA's now no more!

MÆNALCAS and MELIBOEUS.

All *Nature* doth the *Loſs* deplore,
THE GOOD AND GREAT IS NOW NO MORE.

F I N I S.

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